

THE
FIRST BOOKE
OF ARITHMETICK

Containing the Art and MYSTERY
of severall Sortes of Arithmetick
As the Arithmetick of Numbers and Weights

And for want of Place, they may be performed
either the Virginal or Lute, where the Arithmetick
can play vpon the Ground as the Arithmetick
in the Line, &c.

All made and written by

By Mr. W. Brouncker of the City of London





To the right Vertuous, Beauteous, and accomplished Gentlewomen,

Mistris MARY HOLDER, daughter
to the worshipfull Cle: Holder Pre-
bend Rectoriary of the Collegiat
Church of Southwell.

And Mistris SARA HART,
daughter to the worshipfull
JOHN HART of
London Esquire.



Three occasions did somewhat mooue me to the publishing of this priuate Musicke; I call it priuate, for that here are Songs for one with a Violl, or 2. or 3. 4. 5. or 6. besides the portablenesse of the Booke: The first occasion was, the wandring of diuers of these Dialogues from hand to hand in vnperfect Coppies, neither as I meant, or made them; The second, they falling thus vnperfectly into the hands of some vnperfect practitioners, they haue taken vpon them to mend them, (or indeede rather mard them) and haue put their names vnto them, as the original authors of them: The third occasion was, that some of my Labors in this kind, haue thus vnperfectly stolne vnto the Presse, without my will or knowledge; by meanes whereof, neither the hearer, nor the Authour had or hath their due right. These occasions did a little stirre me to the deliuey of my true meaning in this little worke. But a fourth occasion I confesse, did more powerfully preuaile with me then these before recited, and that was, your gracefull good likings, and louing fauours to these, and other of my harsh and vnformall Tones; following herein your honored Parents steppes, no lesse gently and mildly respecting the poverty of the Compositions, then not neglecting the good will of the Authour; gracing me and these with your often hearing, and sundry times performing them with your owne voyces and fingers: you both being so equally iudicious and exquisite in this admirable Art of Musicke, surpassing the most, and inferiour to none that euer I heard of your sexe, and in 3. or 4. seuerall sorts, besides all other your excellent gifts and parts of learning, fitting your places and callings, as I protest I was not a little troubled, (saue that there must be in each number a priority of order, you being in euery degree of perfection equall) which of your Names I should first write in this Booke.

These fauours I freely acknowledge, to be the true causes of this vndertaking, I hating ingratitude, and hauing no other meanes in part to require your goodnesse but this, doe in all humility and thankfulnessse, (and to the rich worth of your rarest perfections) dedicate this poore worke to your kinde acceptances as a testimony of my thankefull heart, for all your graces and good regards had of me for these, and these for me from time to time And if it please you, still to respect and accept my humble heart (in this Action) according to my hope, in protecting this poore and vnpolished peece, it shall be none of the least of your loues, you grasing this endeavour with your Names, I shall not doubt but that your reputations (being knowne to be full of all vertue and modesty, as also of iudgement equall to your practise in this learned science,) will stop the blacke mouth of each rashly forward ignorant, who being not able to doe any worthy thing himselve, will not be pleased with others that strue to doe their best; and out of pride and arrogant boldnesse would assume his owne greatnesse, with pressing other mens supposed disgraces. Thus, presuming of your gentle mildnesse, together with your sweetest tempered construction of this my bold aduenture, I leaue you to the ensuing sounds, as also to the hope of the heavenly harmonies hereafter, neuer leauing to be the true admirer of all your reall vertues

Bassingshaw in London this 15. of May, 1620.

MARTIN PEERSON.



Bassus.

Pen the dore, Whose there within? The fairest of thy

Mothers kin, O come, come, come abroad, And heere the shrill birds sing,

The Ayre with tunes that loade, It is too soone to go to rest, The Sun not

midway yet to West, The day doth misse thee, And will not part

vn-

And will not part

till it kisse thee..

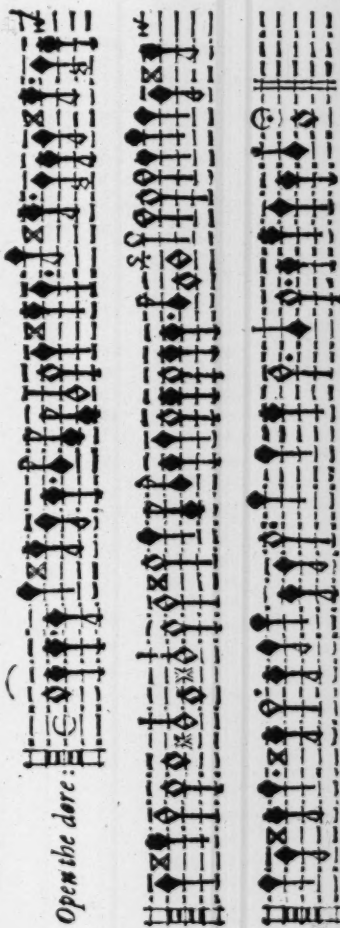
vatill it kisse thee.

Were I as faire as you pretend,
 Yet to an vnknowne sild-scene friend
 I dare not ope the dore.
 To heare the sweet birds sing,
 Oft proues a dangerous thing.
 The Sun may run his wonted race,
 And yet not gaze on my poore face,
 The day may misse mee :
 Therefore depart,
 You shall not kille me.

Of 4. Voc.

I.

Contra-Tenor.



And will not part vntill it kille thee.

Of 4. Voc.

I.

TENOR.



And will not part vntill it kille thee.



Bailus.



Esol'd to loue, vnworthy to obtaine, I doe no fauour



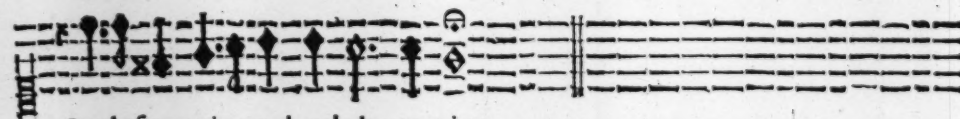
craue, but humble wife,

To thee my sighes in verse I sacri-

fice,



Onely some



Onely some pittie and no helpe to gaine.



pit- ty and no helpe to gaine.

2. Much sorrow in .. selfe my loue doth moue,
 More my dispaire to loue a hopelesse blisse:
 My folly most to loue when sure to misse,
 Oh helpe me but this last griefe to remoue.
3. All paine if you command it, ioy shall proue,
 And wisdom to seeke ioy : then say but this,
 Because my pleasure in thy torment is,
 I doe command thee without hope to loue.

TENOR.

II.



Onely some pitty and no helpe to gaine.

Of 4. Voc.

II.

Contra-Tenor.



Resolue d to loue :



Of 4. Voc.

Onely some pitty and no helpe to gaine.



Bassus.

H. were she pit-tifull, as she is faire, Or but so

milde as she is seeming so, Then were my hopes greater then my dispaire, Then all the

Then all the

world were heauen, and nothing woe.

world were heauen, and nothing woe.

But beauty being pittilesse and sterne,
 Cruell in deede, though milde in outward show:
 Will neither hopes, or my dispaire discern,
 But leades me to a hell of endlesse woe.

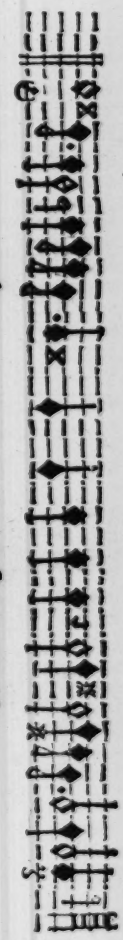
B

Of 4. Voc.

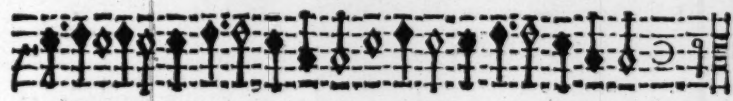
Ab were she pittisfull:

Contra-Tenor.

III.



Then all the world were heauen, & nothing woe.



Ab were she pittisfull:

Of 4. Voc.

III.

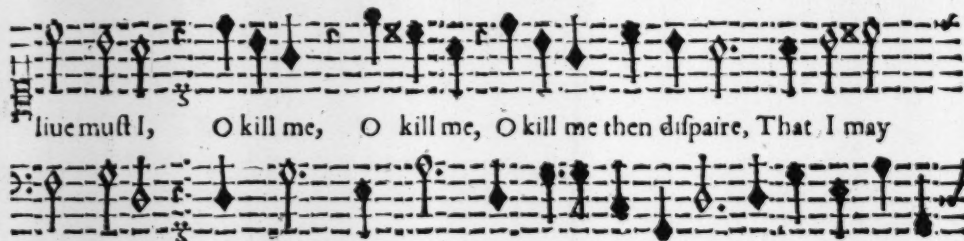
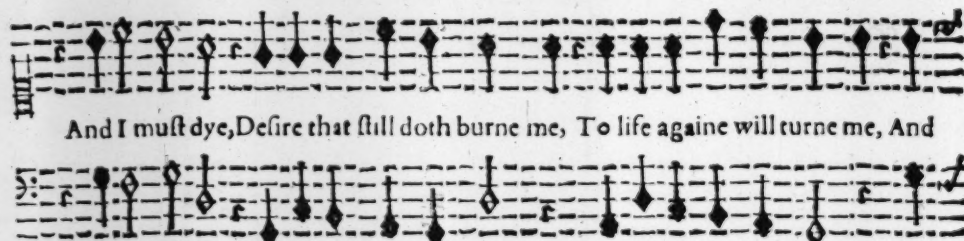
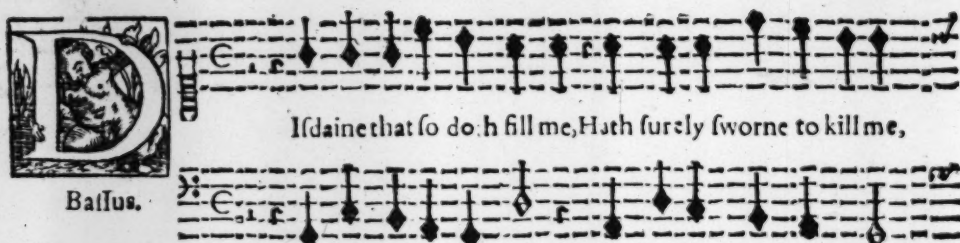
TENOR.



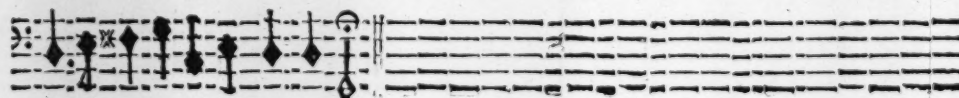
Then all the world were heauen, and no-
 thing woe.



Bassus.



O kill me then dispaire,



that I may liue againe.

2. Thy lookes are life vnto me,
 And yet those lookes vndoe me :
 O death and life.
 Thy smile some rest doth show me,
 Thy frowne with warre orethrow me,
 O peace and strife.
 Nor life, nor death is either,
 Then giue me both, or neither.

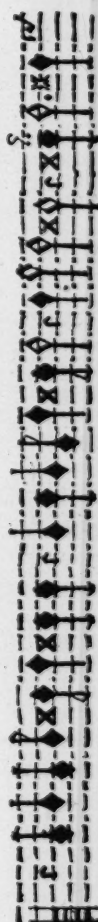
3. Life onely cannot please me,
 Death onely cannot ease me :
 Change is delight.
 I liue that death may kill me,
 I dye that life may fill me,
 Both day and night.
 If once dispaire decay,
 Desire will weare away.

Of 4. Voc.

III.

Contra-Tenor.

Disdaine that



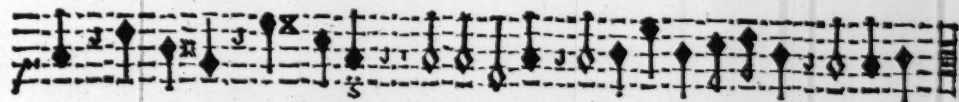
O kill me then dispaire,

that I may liue againe.

TENOR.

III.

Of 4. Voc.



O kill me, O kill mee, mee

that I may liue againe.

then dispaire,



Pretious time, created by the might of his blest word, That
And wise- ly par- ted into day and night, For his best vse and

Bassus.

made all comely features, Oh woe is mee, oh woe is me that haue mis-
ser- uice of the Creatures.

that haue mispent this trea-

spent this treasure, In vaine delight of fond and wicked pleasure.

sure in vaine delight of fond, offond and wicked pleasure.

Of 4 Voc. TENOR.

O pretious time:

That haue mispent this treasure, in vaine delight of fond and wicked pleasure.

O pretious time,
 Created by the might of his blest word,
 That made all comely features,
 And wisely parted into day and night,
 For the best vse and seruice of the Creatures,
 O woe is me that haue mispent this treasure,
 In vaine delight, and fond and wicked pleasure.

Of 4 Voc. V. Contra. Tenor.

O pretious time:

That haue mispent, that haue mispent this treasure, in vaine delight of fond and wicked pleasure.



Bassus.



An a Mayde that is well bred, Hath a blush so louely



red, Modest lookes, wise, milde, discret, And a nature passing sweet, Breake her



promise, vntrue proue, On a sodaine change her loue, Or be wonne ere to neglect,



him to whom she vow'd respect, him to whom she vow'd respect?



Him to whom she vow'd, she vow'd respect?

Him to whom she vow'd respect.

Of 4. Voc.

Can a Mayd.

TENOR.

Such a Maide alas I know,
 Oh that weedes mongst Corne should grow :
 Ora Rose should prickles haue,
 Wounding where she ought to saue,

I that did her parts extoll,
 Will my lauish tongue controll :
 Outward parts doe blinde the eyes,
 Gall in golden pills oft lyes.

Reason, wake and sleepe no more,
 Land vpon some safer shoare :
 Thinke on her and be afraide,
 Of a faithlesse fickle Maide.

Of a faithlesse fickle Maide,
 Thus true loue is still betraide :
 Yet it is some ease to sing,
 That a Maide is light of wing.

Of 4. Voc.

Can a Mayd.

Contra-Tenor.

Him to whom, to whom she vow'd respect.



Bassus.



I doe loue, I doe loue, then kisse me, And after Ile not



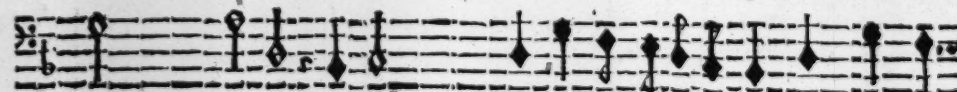
misse thee, With bodies louely meeting, To dally pretty sweeting, to dally pretty,



pretty sweeting, Though I am somewhat aged, Yet is not loue asswaged, But



with sweet ardent clips, Ile lay thee a the lips, Ile lay thee a the lips, And make thee



Ile lay thee a the lips, And make thee



ouer sweare, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell old Batcheler.



ouer sweare, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell old Batcheler.

Farewell, farewell, :||: fare-well old Batcheler.



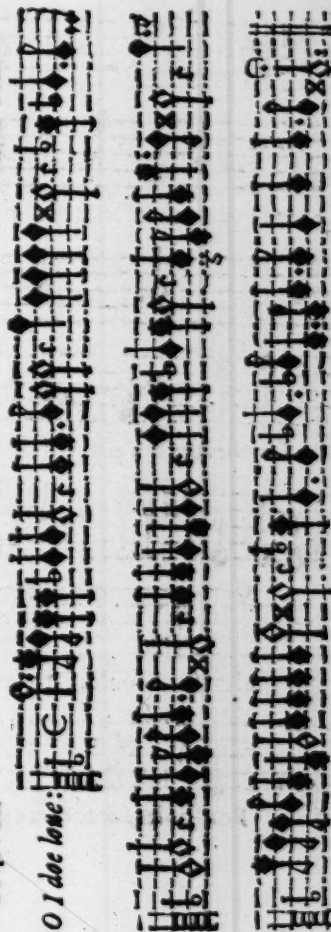
O I doe loue, then kisse me,
 And after Ile not misse thee,
 With bodies louely meeting:
 To dally pretty sweeting.
 Though I am somewhat aged,
 Yet is not loue allwaged,
 But with sweet ardent clips,
 Ile lay thee on the lips.
 And make thee euer sweare,
 Fare-well old Batcheler.

Contra. Tenor.

VII.

Of 4. Voc.

O I doe loue:



Farewell, farewell :||: :||: farewell old Batcheler.



Bailus.

Ince iust disdaine began to rise, and cry reuenge for spitefull wrong,

What erst I pray'd, I now dispise, & thinke my loue was all too long,

I read in durt that scornefull pride, which in thy looks, thy: ||: I haue discry'd,

Thy beauty is a painted skin, for fooles to see their faces in,

for fooles, for fooles to see their fa- ces in.

For fooles, for fooles to see their faces in.

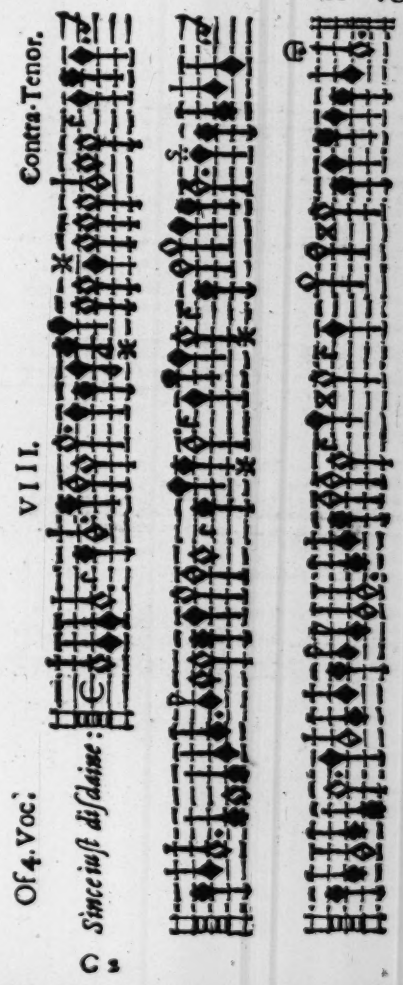
For fooles, for fooles to see their faces in.

Since iust disaine:
TENOR.
VIII.



Thine eyes that some as starres esteeme,
From whence themselves they say take light:
Like to the foolish fire I deeme,
That leades men to their death by night,
Thy words and oathes are light as winde,
And yet farre lighter is thy minde:
Thy friendship is a broken reede,
That failes thy friend in greatest neede.

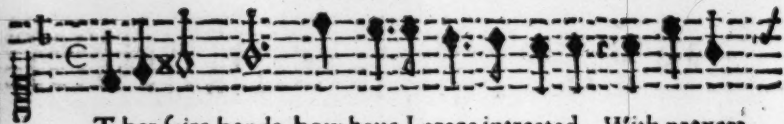
Of 4. Voc.
VIII.
Contra-Tenor.



for fooles, for fooles to see their fa- ces in.



Bassus.



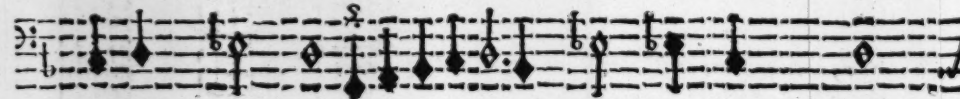
T her faire hands, how haue I grace intreated, With prayers



oft repeated, Yet stil my loue is thwarted, Heart let her goe, let her goe, let her goe, for



shee'le not be conuerted, Say shall she goe, O no, no, no, no, no, O no, no, no, no, no,



No, no, O no,



She is most faire though she be marble hearted.



though she be marble hearted.

How often haue my sighes declar'd mine anguish,
 Wherein I daily languish?
 Yet doth she still procure it,
 Harke, let her goe for I cannot endure it:
 Say, shall she goe,
 Oh no, no, no, no,
 She gau the wound, and she alone must cure it.

Of 4. Voc.

At her faire hands:

Contra-Tenor.

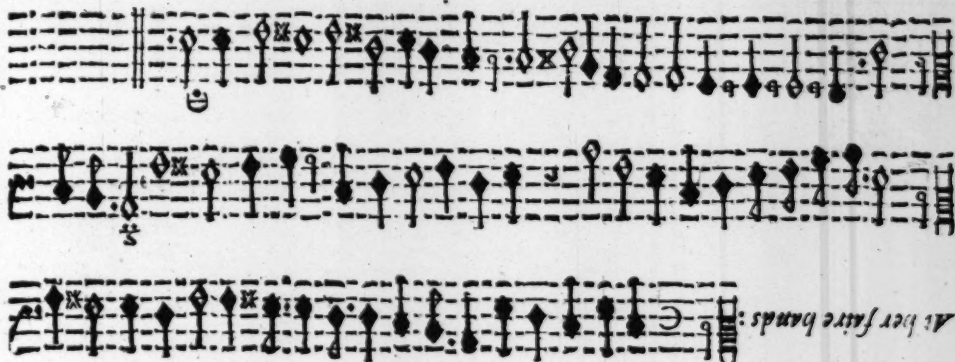
IX.

Of 4. Voc.

At her faire hands:

IX.

TENOR.



O no, no, O no, no, O no, no, though she be marble hearted.

Though she be marble hearted.

O no, no, O no, no,



Bailus.

Ow Robin laugh and sing, now Robin,

:||: thy Masters sheepe-sheering, When Pyes and Custards smoake, then Robin

plyes his poake, And plaies the merry, merry Cater, My teeth doth run, doth run a water,

my teeth, :||: And when the Bagpipes play for this the merry, merry day,

Then comes in little Ioane, then comes, :||: And bids strike vp, strike vp the droane, and

And bids strike vp, strike vp the droane,

bids strike vp, strike vp, strike vp, and bids strike vp the droane,

and bids strike vp the droane.

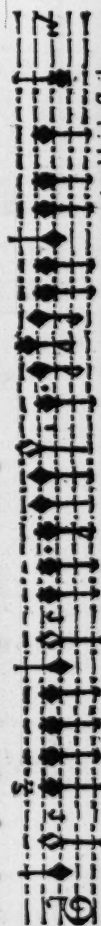
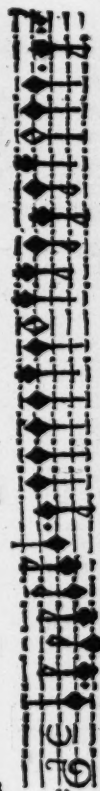
And while the droane doth play,
 Vpon this merry day :
 The Country Lasses throng,
 With Timbrels to their song,
 In praise of lusty Robin,
 The Townes chiefe iolly Robin,
 Who footes it ore the Downes,
 Not caring for such Clownes
 As scorne his little Ioane.
 Then strike vp still the droane.

Of 4. Voc.

Now Robin:

CANTVS.

X.



And bids strike



and bids strike vp the droane.

vp, strike vp the droane,

Of 4. Voc.

X.



TENOR.



& bids strike vp the droane.

little lone, And bids strike vp, strike vp the droane,

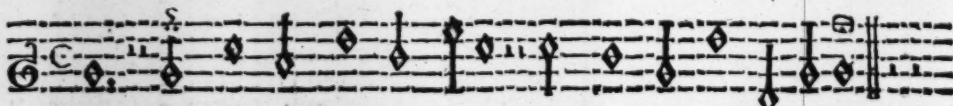


Ey the horne, the horna to *Vulcan* doth belong, And *Venus*, for she

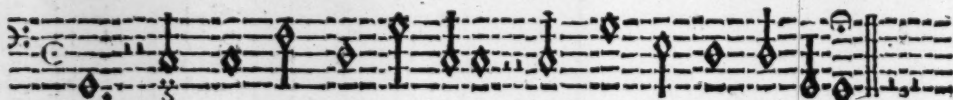
Bassus.



gaue it, is Mistresse of my song, If *Vulcan* should not haue it, then *Vulcan* should haue



wrong. The horne, the horne, the horna, The horne, the horne the horna.



The horne, the horne, the horna, The horne, the horne, the horna.

If *Vulcan* haue the horna,
 then *Venus* is to blame:
 And *Mars* that did entice her,
 vnto that wanton game.
 Yet *Vulcan* needs must keepe it,
 to set all well in frame:
 The horne, the horne, the horna.
 The horne, the horne, the horna.

Of 4. Voc.

XI.

Contra-Tenor.

Hey the horne:

The horne, the horne, the horna, the horn, the horn, the horna.

Of 4. Voc.

Hey the horne

The horne, the horne, the horna, the horn, the horn, the horna.

TENOR.

XI.



Ballus.

Pon my lap my Soueraigne sits, and sucks vpon my

Breſt, Meane time his Loue mayntaines my life, and giues my ſenſe her reſt, Sing lulla,

Sing

lullaby, sing lulla, lullaby, my little, little Boye, Sing lulla, lullaby, sing

lullaby, ging lulla, lulla, lullaby,

Sing lul- la-by, sing

lulla, lulla- by mine onely Ioy.

lulla, lulla- by mine onely Ioy.

Sing lullaby, sing lulla lullaby mine once - ly Ioy.

Sing lulla, lulla, lulla - by, sing lull, lullaby,

Upon my lap:

TENOR.

XII.

Of 4. Voc.

When thou hast taken thy repast,
 Repose (my Babe) on me :
 So may thy Mother and thy nurse,
 Thy Cradle also be.
 Sing lullaby my little Boy,
 Sing lullaby mine onely ioy.

I grieue that duty doth not worke
 All what my wishing would :
 Because I would not be to thee,
 But in the best I should.
 Sing lullaby, ::

Yet as I am, and as I may,
 I must and will be thine :
 Though all too little for thy selfe,
 Vouchsafing to be mine.
 Sing lullaby my little Boy,
 Sing lullaby mine onely Ioy.

Contra. Tenor.

XII.

Of 4. Voc.

Sing lullaby, sing lull, lulla-by,

my little, little Boy, sing lulla, lulla-by, sing lulla- by mine once - ly Ioy.

Upon my lap:

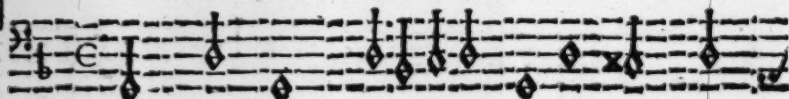
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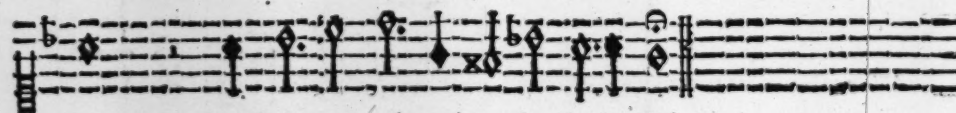
Ballus.



Ocke vp faire lids the treasure of my heart, Preferue those



beames, this ages onely light, To her sweet sence, sweet sleepe, some ease im-



part,

Her sence too weake to beare her spirits might.



Her sence too weake to beare her spirits might,

her fence too weake to beare her spirits might.



And while, O sleepe, thou closest vp her sight,
Her light, where loue did forge his fairest dart:
O harbour all her parts in easefull plight,
Let no strange dreame make her faire body start.

But yet, O dreame, if thou wilt not depart,
In this rare subiect from thy common right:
But wilt thy selfe in such a feat delight,
Then take my shape and play a Louers part:
Kisse her from me, and say vnto her sprite,
Till her eyes shine, I liue in darkest night.

Of 4 Voc. XIII. Contra-Tenor.

Locke up faire lids:

Her fence too weake to beare her spirits might.



Bassus.

Oue her no more, loue her no more, Her
 felfe she doth not loue, Shame and the blackest clouds of night, Hide her for euer
 from thy light, O day, O day, why doe thy beames in her eyes moue ?
 Flye, her deere honor'd friend, doe so, Shee'le be the cause of
 much, much woe, Shee'le be the cause of much, much woe, Alas she will vn-
 doe thee, Her loue is fatall to thee, Curfe her then & goe, Curfe her then and goe.
 thee, Her loue is farall to thee, Curfe her then and goe.

~f 4. Voc.

one he: no more:

XIII.

Contra-Tenor:

Off. Voc.

Love her no more

Curse her then and goe, curse her then and goe.

TENOR.

'IIIIIX

Curse her then and goe, curse her then and goe.



Basilus.

O me pretty wag and ling, The suns all ripening wing, fans vp the
 wanton spring, O let vs both, let's both goe chant it, O let vs both, et's both goe
 chant it, O how fresh May doth flant it, O
 how fresh May doth flant it.
 how fresh May doth flant it.

Of 5. Voc. XV. Contra-Tenor.

Conce pretty:

O how fresh May doth flant it.

E



Bassus.

Hen with reports most sprightly, Trip with thy voice most

lightly, O sing, O sing so wittely, for now, for now the Cuckoo

sings, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, :: :: that eccho, that eccho, that

That

eccho doth rebound, And dally with the found, and dally with the found, and

eccho doth rebound,

And

dally with the found, and dally, dally with the found.

dally with the found, and dally with the found.

& dally with the sound, & dally with the sound.

that eccho doth rebound,

Cuckoo, cuckoo,

with a hey none none, with a hey none, all with a hey none none, all: all: all: none none none none

TENOR.

XVI.

Of 5. Voc.

Then with:

Then with:

ound, & dally with the sound, and dally with the sound.

Of 5. Voc. XVI. Of 5. Voc.

Of 5. Voc. XVI. Contra-Tenor.

Then with:

Cuckoo, Cuckoo,

that eccho doth rebound,

And

dally with the sound, & dally with the sound.

E 2

Pretty wantons sweetly sing, In honour of the smiling spring,
 But O, But O,
 Hark, Hark, Hark, how the birds sing, Hark, :||: O mark that note,
 O mark that note, lug, lug, lug, lug, :||: lug, :||: Terew terew, terew, terew, terew,
 terew, terew, O pretly warbled from a sweet, sweet throate, from a sweet throat, O
 O pretly warbled
 pret- ly warbled from a sweet throat, from a sweet throat, from a sweet, from a sweet sweet throat.
 from a sweet throat, from a sweet throat, from a sweet throat,



Ballus.

Ing loue is blinde, so now is lou's Lady

Lou's a good Clarke, reads perfectly, perfectly, & puts to- gether, Then tel me

and puts to- gether,

then tell me, to hit the marke, to

hit :: Cupid wants eyes, and is a baby, O no, O no, O no, yet

he can make the strongest fall, With a hey nony, nony, with a hey nony, nony, with a

With a hey nony, :: with a hey nony, :: with a

hey nony, nony, nony, nony, nony no, hey nony, no-ny no.

hey no- ny, nony no,

with a hey nony, nony, with a hey nony,
Sing lowe:
Then tell me, when tell me whether he's not a fool, whether
he's not a fool that cries to hit the mark, to hit the mark,
O no, O no, O no, though Cupid's young and
blind with all, With a hey nony, nony, with a hey nony, nony with a
hey nony, nony, nony, nony, nony, nony, nony, nony, nony, nony no.

TENOR.

XVIII.

with a hey nony nony, with a hey nony, :||: with a hey nony nony :||: :||: no, hey nony no.



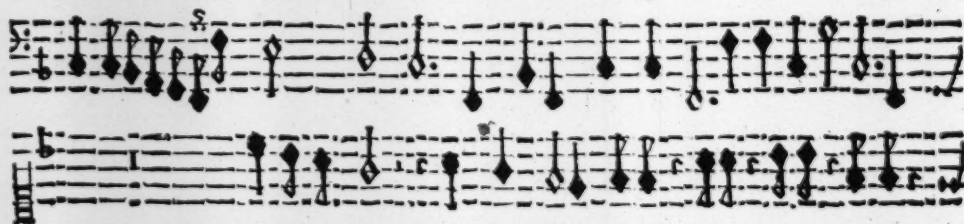
Bassus.



O tis on thee to gaze, Strike them into a maze by thy more



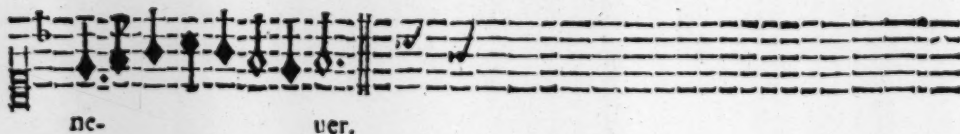
golden rays, Let no eye dare to see, how thus I challenge thee,



O let no hate, our white hands seuer, neuer, neuer, neuer,

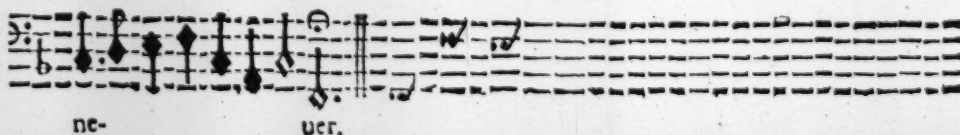


O let no hate, O let no hate our white hands seuer.



ne-

uer.



ne-

uer.

Of s. Voc. XIX. CANTVS.

What neede: *What neede a Sun to shine, seeing a*

clearer light in thine? No tis on thee to gaze,

Let no eye dare to see how thus I yeeld to thee,

O let no hate neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer,

Of s. Voc. XIX. ALTUS.

What neede: *What neede:*

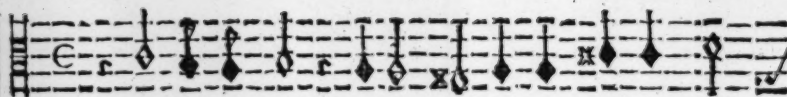
Ne- uer.

TENOR. XIX.

Of s. Voc. *What neede:*



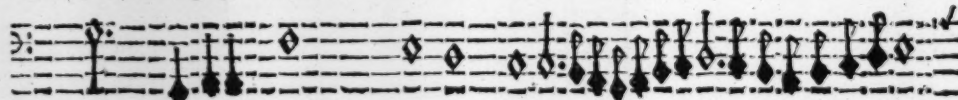
Bassus.



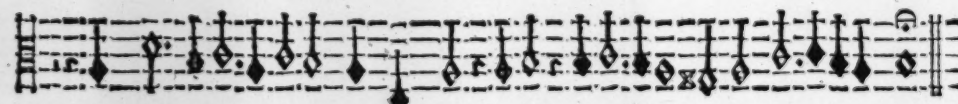
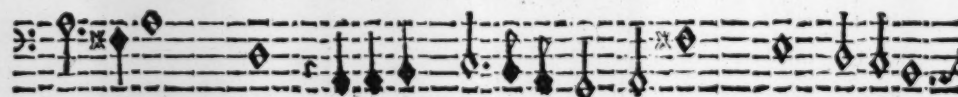
Azenot on youth, let age containe thy wandring eye,



thy wandring eye, thy eye from obiects vaine,



But when the eye, but when the eye is on the face,



The minde is in another place, the minde is in, is in, another place, in another place.



is in, is in, is in another place, another place.

Of 5. Voc. XX. CANTVS.

Gaze not: No no I mult looke about and
see, I mult looke, ||: In loue what heauenly ob-
jects be, But when the eyes on the face, The
minds is in another place, The minds is, in, is

in, is in another place, another place.

Of 5. Voc. XX. ALTVS.

Gaze not: Is in another place, in another place.

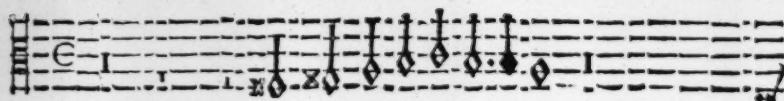
TENOR. XX.

Of 5. Voc. Gaze not: Is

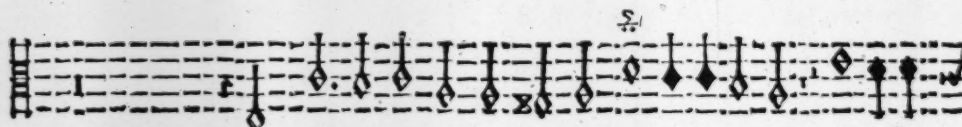
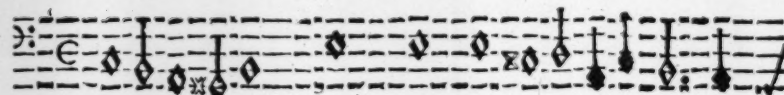
Is in another place, another place.



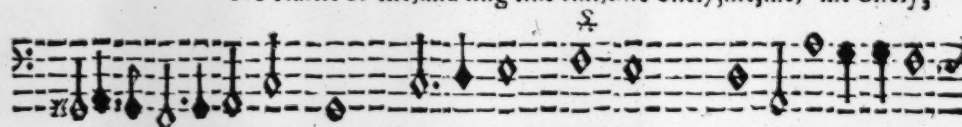
Bailus.



Rue pleasure is in Chastitie,



No learne of me, and sing this still, She onely, she, she, she onely,



She one- ly, She, she only, she



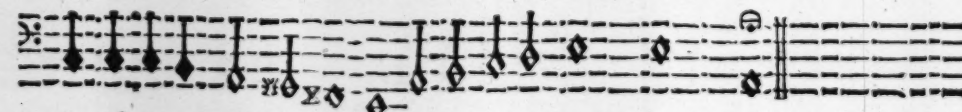
she, she euer is chaff, That is with euery looke, That is with euery



is euer, euer chaff, That is with euery looke, that



looke, looke outfac't, that is with euery looke outfac't.



is with euery looke outfac't, that is with euery looke out- fac't.

Of 5. Voc. XXI CANTVS.

Of 5. Voc. XXI CANTVS.

True pleasure: 

 She onely shee,

 she onely shee, is euer chaste, That is with euey

 look outfac't, euey look outfac't, euey look outfac't.

True pleasure: 

 I may be chaste, I may be chaste, yet gaze my

 fill, she onely shee, she onely shee,

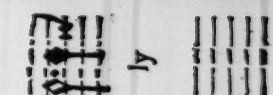
 e-uer chaste, That is with euey look, that is with euey

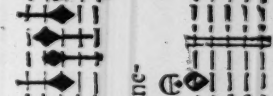
 look out-fac't, That is with euey look, look out-fac't.

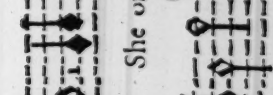
TENOR.

XXI.

Of 5. Voc.

True pleasure: 

 She one-ly

 shee, is euer, is euer chaste, That is with euey look outfac't, our fac't, That is with euey looke outfac't.



Ballus.

He Spring of ioy is dry, that ran into my heart, And

all my comforts flye, my loue and I, my :||: I I must part, I must part,

I must part, Farewell my loue, I goe,

The Bee vnto the flower, The Cattle to the

brook, That we, that we may sport our fill, may sport our fill, And loue continue

still, and loue :||: and loue continue still,

And loue con- tinue still.

Of 5. Voc. XXII. ALTUS.

The spring:



And loue con- ti- nue still. Of 5. Voc.

CANTUS. XXII. Of 5. Voc.

The spring:



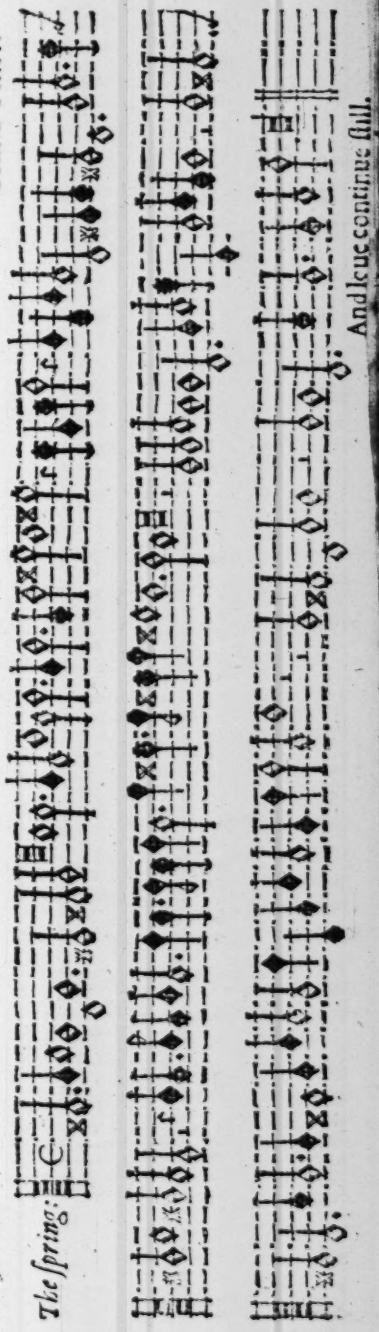
If fate will haue it loyerto con-
tents both, retorne again, as doth the shadow
to the houre, The fill vnto the hookes, That we, that we
may sport our fill, may sport our fill, And loue continue still,
and loue continue still, and loue continue still.



Contra-Tenor.

XXII.

The spring:



And loue continue still.



Ballus.

S not that my fancies Queene, in the bright-

nesse of her rayes,

Passing Summers cheereft dayes? That comes

tripping, tripping, tripping, comes tripping, tripping, tripping, that comes

tripping ore the Greene?

It is my Loue,

Is it the plains?

84-

of the fairer crew, That comes gly-ding, comes

twains, Sprightly clad in lovely blew,
Fairer

Is not that my Shepherds

S not ?

CANTVS.

• XIX

Off 6. Voc.

Ofδ. Voc.

XXI I.

ALTVS.

Is not:

TENOR:

XXIX.

Of 6. Voc.

Is not:

Contra-Tenor.

XXIX.

Of 6. Voc.

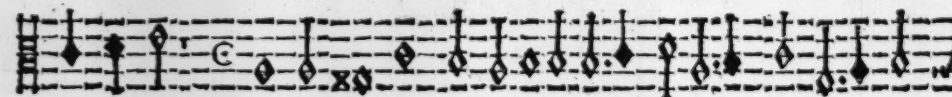
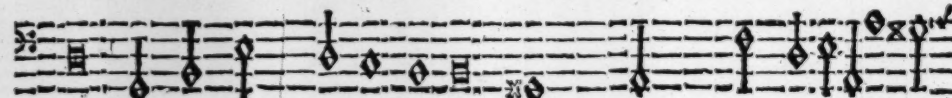
Is not:



tis my loue, tis my loue, it is my loue, And thus, and thus we



meete, And thus, and thus we greete, Happier then the Gods about, the



Gods about, Meeting may wee loue for euer, Euer loue, euer loue, euer loue,



Meeting may wee loue for euer, Euer loue, euer loue, euer loue,



and neuer, neuer feuer, and neuer, neuer feuer, and neuer, neuer, neuer feuer.



and ne- uer se- uer, and ne- uer se- uer,

may we loue for euer, Euer loue, euer loue, and neuer se-
uer, and neuer, neuer se-uer, and neuer, neuer seuer.

Meeting may we loue for e-
XXIII. ALTUS.
Of 6. Voc.

CANTUS. XXII. Of 6. Voc.
is my Loue, tis my Loue, tis my Loue, it is my Loue.

happy, happy meeting, O happy, happy
greeting, Happier then the Gods above, the Gods a-
boue, Meeting may we loue for euer, Euer loue, euer loue,

cuor loue, and neuer, neuer seuer, and neuer, neuer,
uer seuer, and neuer, neuer, neuer seuer.

Of 6. Voc.

XXIII.

Contra-Tenor.

Of 6. Voc.

XXIII.

TENOR.

Meeting

Meeting may we loue euer,

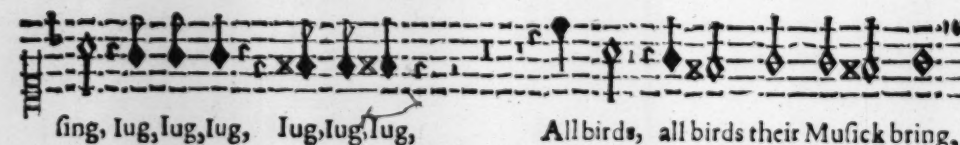
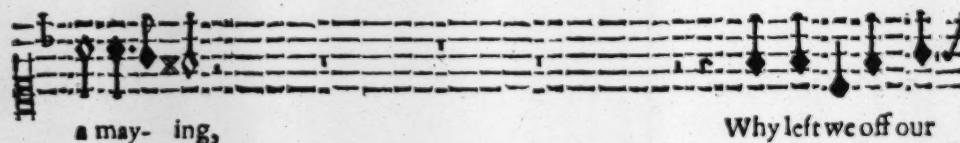
may we loue for euer, Euer loue, euer loue, euer loue, and
Euer loue, euer loue, euer loue, and, and neuer seuer,

Meeting may we loue euer,

This Song was made for the *King* and *Queenes* entertaynement at High-gate
on May-day. 1604.



Bassus.



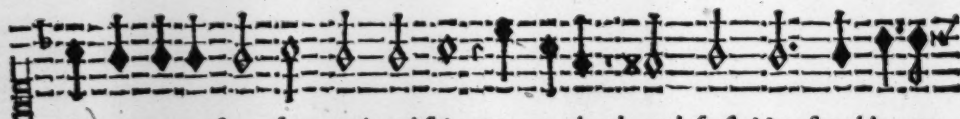


Record from euery bush;

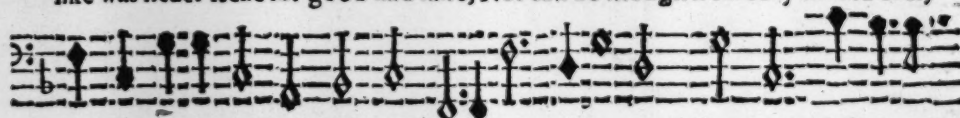
Whose



Whole



like was neuer seene for good and faire, Nor can be though fresh May should euery

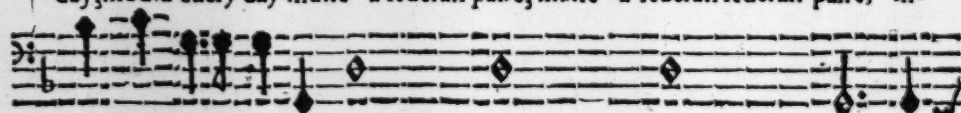


like was neuer seene for good and faire,

though fresh May should euery

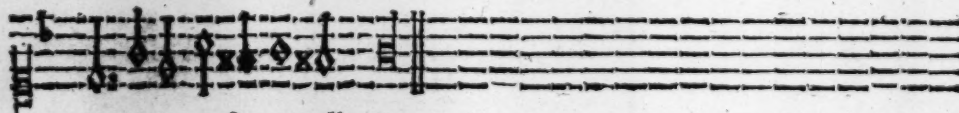


day, should euery day inuite a feuerall paire, inuite a feuerall feuerall paire, in-

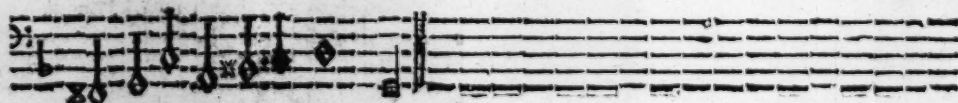


day, should euery day

in-



uite, inuite a fe- ue- rall paire.



uite, inuite a fe- ue- rall paire.

Of 6. Voc. XXIII. ALTUS.



Of 6. Voc. XXIII. CANTUS.

The welcome of the King and Queene

Whoe like were neuer seen for good & faire,

Not can be though fresh May should euer

day, should euer day, inuite a feuerall

payre, a feuerall payre, inuite a feuerall



Of 6. Voc. XXIII. CONTRA-TENOR.

Robin Minnie, The welcome of the King & Queene,

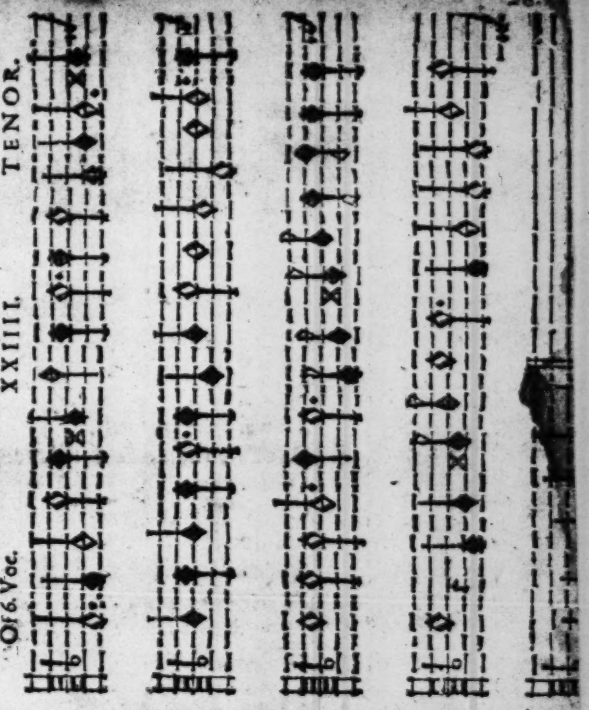
who shall neuer see for good and faire, nor can be,

nor ill though fresh May should euer day, should euer

day inuite a feuerall payre, inuite a feuerall payre,



Of 6. Voc. XXIII. TENOR.



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